

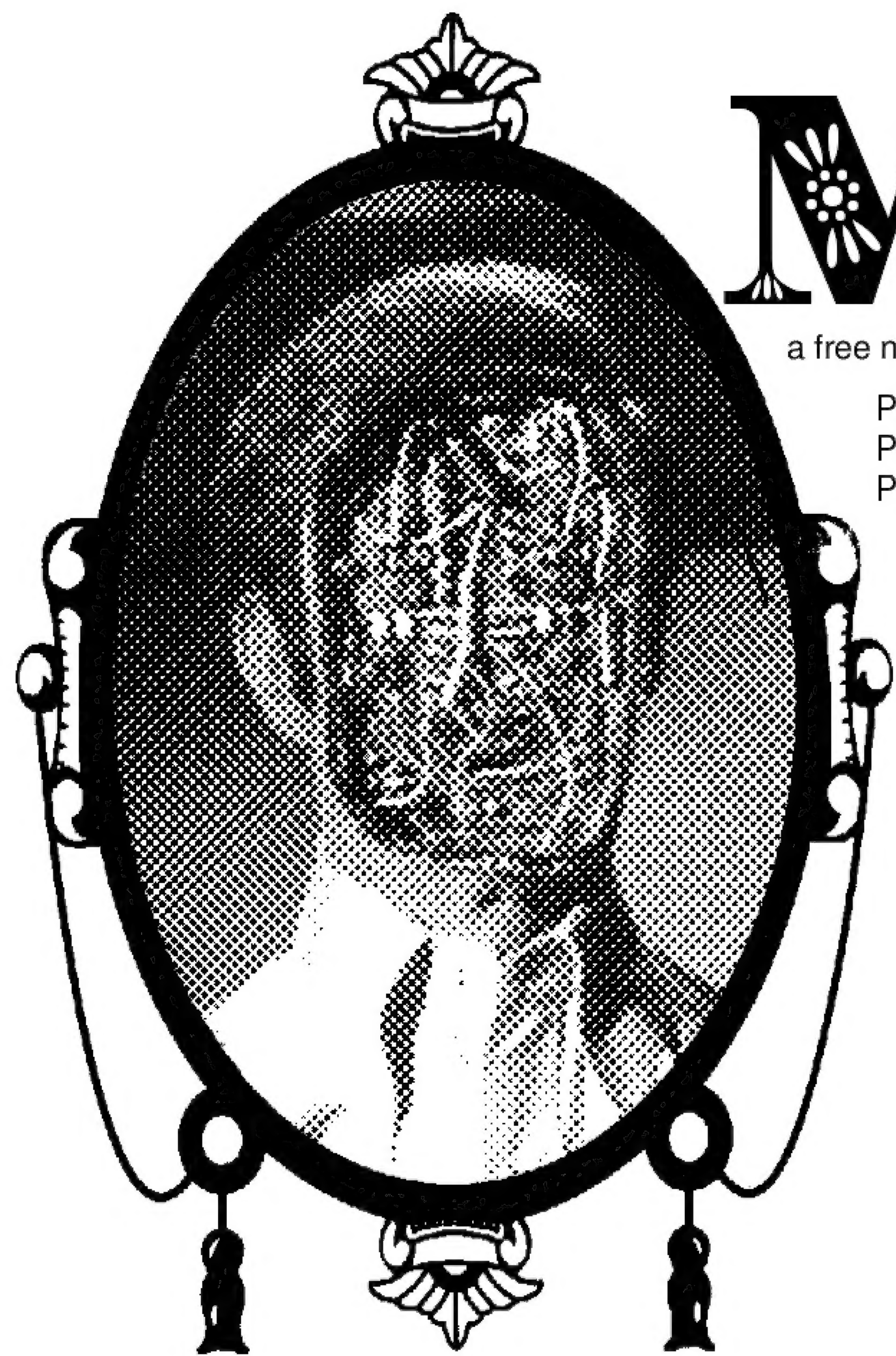
MOTHERS NEWS

a free newspaper, published monthly

write to: Mothers News c/o Rhododendron Festival PO Box 29081 Providence RI 02909

THE PAPER OF RECORD

Previously the Monument Valley Gazette
Previously the Dick Miller Fan Club Newsletter
Previously OMNI Magazine (No Words Edition)



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FROM THE WRITERS OF MOTHERS NEWS

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EXAMPLE BATMAN

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IF IT AIN'T A CAT IT'S A DOG

Welcome to March, named after Mars, the god of war and also the god of agriculture, which makes sense if you think of agriculture as a napoleonic war between humankind and everything else. March 1st is the beginning of meteorological spring in the Northern hemisphere, although the equinox (the first day of the astronomical year) isn't until the 20th (at 11:21pm). The Finns call March "Maaliskuu", meaning "earthy month", meaning "the snow reduces down to weird craggy shiterystals on the edge of the road and you find previously-obscured metal money, used syringes, plastic toys, and dead cats pretty much everywhere".

March is traditionally windy as anything, like, koo koo windy. Violent winds are so crazy because wind is just the tiniest thing moving the littlest bit times a number that's orders of magnitude larger than you could hope to comprehend, then all of a sudden it's Door Blew Off Went To Get It Lost Hat Went Home. A cold wind sucks but we can always hope for a warm wind, which is nice, though unseemly. March is bible-famous for coming in like a lion and going out like a lamb, the onlything to do so. Everything else is either Lion:Lion, Lamb:Lamb, Lamb:Lion, or more often than not, Lion:TiredLion.

HOLIDAYS IN MARCH

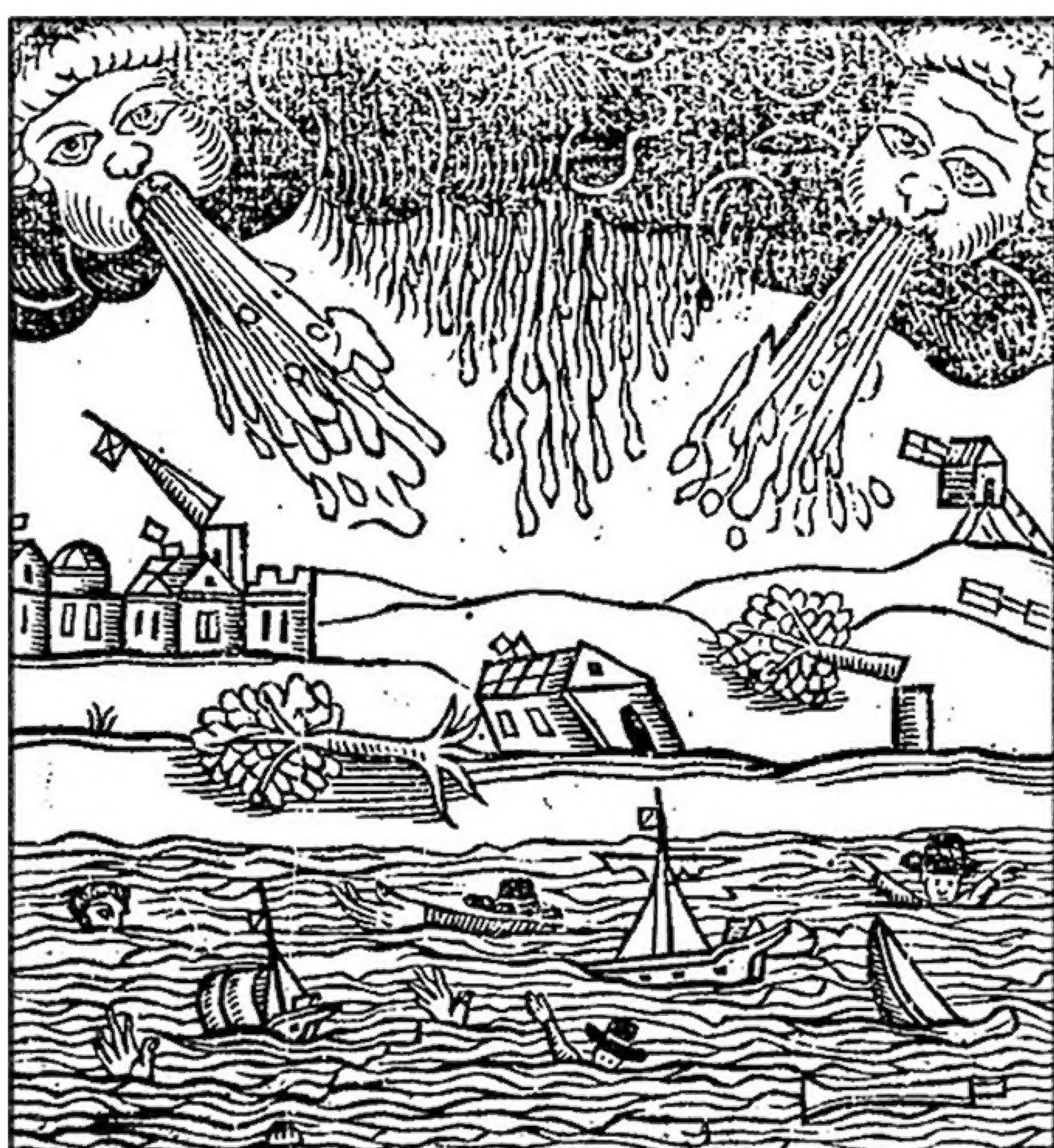
March has two big "revelry before the end of the world" holidays- Mardi Gras, aka Fat Tuesday, is the day before Lent. All during Lent you don't eat pancakes, and on Mardi Gras you eat the Holy Hell out of a serious stack of cakes, physically, mentally, spiritually, and emotionally. In some parts of the world you also dress up like a sexy clown or insane bird on fire. In any event we are talking about buttering the bread with so much butter it's borderline nauseating. St Patrick's Day is similar: it's the day you celebrate a guy who drove the snakes (pagans) out of Ireland, and you celebrate by wearing snake colors, standing in a long line, and getting reptile-minded in a cave or tavern. Both involve putting your flag in the air, although St Patrick's day has more waving like "Hi, I see you, you're wonderful", and Marti Gras has more of a different kind of waving. REMEMBER that Marti Gras forms a holiday diad with Lent- you can't just debauch all week then go back to whatever like whatever-- it's a wild life-affirming parade followed by a mild, life-affirming stretch of austerity, then springtime resurrection. THEN whatever. What will you give up for Lent this year? Netflix? Milk? Chairs? Peeing indoors? Nothing against hedonism as a method or "the eternal yes", but you're not really "doing everything" if you deny yourself denial. Everything in moderation, including moderation.

March is also Colorectal Cancer Awareness Month.

FASHION NEWS

This winter in Providence we saw A LOT of insulated one-piece jumpsuits-- this is going to be hard to believe, but it made everyone look like a dumpy baby in a fun pro-party way. So what's the look going to be for summer? Something fun and sexy, duh! At the time of this writing, the summer is still well in the future, so "Ideas About The Future" apply in force- we'll be seeing lots of metallic necks, dirt tans, clear plastic things that used to not be clear or plastic, swimsuits worn over jeans, information chips, thick rugged gauntlets (and the other kind), gauzy sacks, spraypaint-on-face, technical fibers, veiled practitioners, clothing in such disrepair that you're not allowed on the elevator OR the escalator, and of course, the number one look for the future (61 years and running!): a boot stomping on a human face forever. And let me say, because this is a big topic in Scientifashion: No Steampunk! This is the worst of aristocratic fantasy... ATTN: Steampunks- We Slit Your Throats.

We will continue wearing plaid shirts because Mike Watt is still beautiful and platonic love is still real.



THEE AMBROSE BIERCE MEMORIAL WORD JUMBLE

by Ambrose Bierce before he died



CYTIMALA A more than commonly plain and unmistakable reminder that the affairs of this life are not of our own ordering.

CAILBNAN A gastronome of the old school who preserves the simple tastes and adheres to the natural diet of the pre-pork period.

SCRUIC A place where horses, ponies and elephants are permitted to see men, women and children acting the fool.

SCENE REPORT: INTERNATIONAL DJ BREAKFASTS

(best of)
by DJ /rupture

:::: tamales, 1 fried egg, cake, ginger currant wine, cappuccino, acorn-fed squirrel bacon, champagne

:::: acorn bread with pumpkin butter, imitation turtle ichor soup, marinated hippo strips, yagé yerba mate w/ maiz syrup, crickets

:::: smoked piranha on toast, caffeine and bananas, aspirina y proteina, Chacalon Crispiés y la nueva crema

:::: fried herring.

:::: gulf oyster ceviche, ketamine puffs, 1 ripe guayaba (mashed), blue corn tortilla with oaxacan cheese, smog-flavored cashews.

:::: shrimp & grits, chlorinated sun-brewed iced tea, ferret sausages, kudzu & blood orange salad, extra garlic, hot sauce.

:::: sweet potato pie (extra helpings), hibiscus rosewater lemonade, simple sugar, Katnip Krunch cereal, imitation dogmeat seitan.

:::: caldo de camarones, Tang horchata, peanut butter huarache, 1 rice krispie treat, chili-dipped grapefruit slices, meat.

:::: roast chestnuts, white chocolate, cilantro-kimchi smoothie, 1 slice of deepdish pizza w extra salt, prune juice, breath mint.

:::: fried catfish, brown sugar & grits, plumcakes, expectorant espresso, hash browns from the Burger King next to the crematorium

:::: pan-seared mercury tuna, 2 poached puffin eggs, freeze-dried walnut ice cream, smoked hickory cheerios with honey, cold soup.

:::: choco-muesli, 1 pear, squid-ink & saffron cheeseburger (no fries), goat cheese on sesame crackers, leche de tigre, lychee jam



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BIOGRAPHY: FLORENCE FOSTER JENKINS

Im Good

By Bitch

FLORENCE FOSTER JENKINS (1868 - 1944)

Florence Foster Jenkins was a society woman of that incredible age of the society woman- long strings of pearls, living in hotels, drinking sherry, and entertaining tuxedoed visitors. For years, she was denied the ability to pursue her passion, music; first by her parents, and then by her husband. Upon the death of the former and the divorce of the latter, La Jenkins was, for the first time, free-- she moved to New York and hit the stage running. Her once-yearly private concerts quickly became the toast of the town, less for her ability, which was practically nil, than for her enthusiasm, which was boundless. By all standards, Ms Jenkins was a bad singer, but by the good grace of a select vocabulary, one that replaced "off key" and "rhythmless" with "innovative" and "emotional", she was easily able to persevere and thrive. Later concerts were marked by multiple costume changes, each more outrageous than the previous; by her stalwart accompanist Cosme McMoon transposing compositions up and down the scale to match her classic drifting; and most importantly, by the audience applauding wildly to mask the sounds of their own laughter. The concerts were riotous affairs and became extremely popular-- it would be cynical to say that all that was happening was a bunch of people laughing at a delusional old woman; reports of the era indicate that it was rather that her joy was unconfined, and traveled freely around the room. Ardent fans included Tallulah Bankhead and Cole Porter. In 1944, at the age of 76, she sang a sold-out performance at Carnegie Hall. She died one month later.

Florence Foster Jenkins was not the first singer-whose-salient-trait-was-mockability, nor by any stretch was she the last. She was, however, the most magnificent, least deterred, most beloved (by fans and critics), and least/most aware. She recorded several 78rpm records, collected posthumously for the LP "The Glory (????) of the Human Voice". I feel that the use of four question marks in the title is instructive, viewed as a dialogue, or as a pendulum swinging into the fourth dimension: 1 "do you really mean 'glory'?", 2 "well, isn't this glorious?", 3 "wait, seriously?", 4 "wait, what are we talking about?". She only ever made one recorded remark alluding to her own faults as a singer, and it is also a great summation of her strength:

"XTVHVEXRVEVXAVRXVEXVXVTVHXVOXVSXVEVXWXHVXO
VXVSXVAVYXVTVHXAVTXVXIXVCXVAXVNVXVNXVOVTVX
SXIXNXVGXV.XVXVVBXUVTXVTVHXVXVEXEXAXREXNXOXN
XVXEIVVXHXOXCXVAXNVXSVXAXYXTXHXAVTVXIXXX
DXIVDVXNVXOXTXVSIXVNXVGXV."

(remove every X & V)

TIPS N TRICKS

POCKETS

Usually we are against the carrying around of too much extraneous bullshit- keys to old apartments, gift cards and coupons to impossible locations, tiny pieces of paper... all that stuff adds up, and can really weigh you down! Recently we tried eliminating ALL the bullshit and found it was really a bad idea. The new pocket system is: wallet (or cards+money +rubber band), keys, phone, pen, blank paper, handkerchief, AND something extraneous- a weird little toy, some string, a piece of trash. It's imporant that this item not be precious or especially valuable, because you may need to leave it in a funny place, give it to a crying child (or adult), use it to prop up a wobbly table, melt it with a magnifying glass if you're bored on a sunny day (and have access to a magnifying glass), or reverse-pickpocket (putpocket) it on an unsuspecting buddy. This is also invaluable if someone springs the old "It's My Birthday Today" on you. "Oh yeah, I bought you this plastic army guy to commemorate your warrior-poet nature". This might seem unlikely, but everyone has a birthday, and you see a bunch of people every day (I hope), and every day is another roll of the dice. The important thing here is that it's good to be selective, but it's disadvantageous to eliminate ALL the bullshit, because, in the best possible way, life is at least 99% bullshit. Or to put it another way, every good system includes mutation!

MOTHERS TOP TEN

(in no order)

1. VALENTINA HOT SAUCE. This is the no frills hot sauce that is the same price as the other hot sauces but you get three times as much, in a big glass larval bottle. I often think of the trinity of hot sauces and their relation- Tapatio is the husband, Cholula is the wife, and Melinda is the mistress. So what is Valentina? It is the land they live in, which, like any landscape, is entrhralling when you're passing through, but if you live there, it's the place that you live. Which is a nice feeling! And like I said, the rent is cheap.

2. DRAWING DAY. This is the idea "once-weekly day of hanging out drawing with people". Sometimes getting it done in relative silence, sometimes riffing so heavy. Always drinking coffee.

3. COFFEE

4. BOSTON SCI FI MOVIE MARATHON #36. 24 consecutive hours of scientifiation movies at the beautiful Somerville theatre. This year they showed Videodrome at 5am, everyone was already mental.

5. SPIDERMAN BREAD - This is toast with peanut butter, honey, and thinly sliced apple. Satchmo wanted to call this "Peter Pan bread", but I told her that was too ambiguous given that Peter Pan is already a brand of peanut butter. Anyway they're both lithe, unaging skylads so why split hairs?

6. PETER GLANTZ AND THE IMAGINARY CO. at MWM feb 26 - a great theatrick with genuine wonder and consumer-grade lasers about a plucky psychonaut that everyone could relate to.

7. NEEDY VISIONS band. singer has a boston accent so unbelievable it might as well be a tiger in a tree. your southern friends will not identify this accent as being a human sound.

8. PLACE magazine- really great early 70s counterculture magazine from some of the same people as worked on the Whole Earth Catalog. Counterculture of the back to the land era, after hippies and just before the New Age hammer fell and everyone turned inside.

9. MUSIC FOR MERCE- 10 cd box set of music composed by, oh, everyone, for use by merce cunningham & company. i d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-d-downloaded it.

10. HOUDINI

BIRTHDAYS

Speaking of birthdays, our correspondant Josh Tumblecat wrote in with this nice birthday custom worth adopting: Punch The Cake. Bringing out a birthday cake all covered in fire, everybody singing, making a wish, achieving a goal; these are all exciting things that peter out into what, everyone standing around waiting to get handed a piece of cake? To keep the energy up and get the birthdayer to physically declare their intent upon the coming year, after the candles are blown out, everyone chants PUNCH THE CAKE. PUNCH THE CAKE. PUNCH THE CAKE. it's a really good feeling, and communicates a lot of spiritual value and nice birthday feelings to the celebrant, which unfortunately this margin is too small to contain. As we said last issue (echoing George Herbert, who said it first in 1651), "A Cake and an ill custome must be broken". What do you want, a diagram? PUNCH THE CAKE. PUNCH THE CAKE.

GOSSIP SECTION

If you haven't seen CRUSTY TIM in a while, know that he (duh) raised the stakes on all punx by getting a tattoo of an upside down peace sign on his eyelid. And yes, he is still obsessed with Mickey Mouse. MEREDITH YOUNGSTER has a sick new installation up in the Dirt Palace window in Olneyville square, it was a lot of work but at least it took her mind off red licoriche for a minute. Meredith- you're eating too much red licoriche, it's grossing everyone out. I'm speaking for the community- cut it out. KATIE "Joy Unto Heaven" FOLEY moved back to town yeah, alright! Her job making phantasy JPGs at "The Unicorn Distillery" turned up sucky (NB: this is 100% verified). speaking of jobs, JONES CHANDLER got a job as a momback at the capri sun warehouse- he stands behind a truck backing up and says "momback, momback. sssstop.". AJ BARILLARO has a new band where he just yells hilarious shit at another band while the other band is still playing. I mean, this isn't a new band, but now it's on the flyer for the show. ALEE PEOPLES is now casting for a movie about Waffle House so start talking to her in your best bored southern accent, you might make \$40! ...BEN SCHECHTER, inventor of "the Schechter variation", is working on a new variation. AMANDA STONE has stiiiiiiiiiii got it. ERIK RUIN is trying to look more debonair, but somebody tell him you can't smoke 2 meerschaum pipes at once and be double dignified, it ain't work like that. Speaking of things that don't work, Boston roustabout and popular punchline BUTT CAKES moved to Portland Oregon; people out there are in love with his "throw a toilet through a wall" partying style! Hey- GOOD LUCK!

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ATTRIBUTIONS: wind mover & walkman by CF. Ambrose Bierce about to be awoken by 2 chickens by James McShane. Kathryn, ADA, & Mickey ads by B.U.B.U.L. Industries (Be U, Be Universe Love). Drawings of Florence Foster Jenkins in costume by Patrick "PATCH" Costello. Nosferatu, King Tut, William Blake, & misc turds by Jackie H Curtiss.

RIP Nobutoshi "Mr Walkman" Kihara, Tura Satana, Phil Vane (Extreme Noise Terror), Jane Russell.

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SHOUTOUTS

shout out to boodle! good job finishing that thesis! , get that advance in advance. <3 boots

Bob Bochay to Providence, 'miss you my bogs' ,

shoutout from L HEFF TO DESARAY AND HER STEELY DAN FROM UNITED PALS OF BIRTH , CANALS! WE LOVE YOU!

Shout out to the couple in leather on a shiny harley blasting zapp & roger in walgreen's parking lot

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PSST! March's password is "NUDIBRANCH" (NOO dih brank). If anyone asks you for Mother's Good Word, that's what it is. March only! If you need a publicly available password for however purpose, and you need it to expire in a month, please use Mothers Good Word.